

A

# REVIEW

OF THE

## Affairs of *FRANCE*:

With Observations on TRANSACTIONS at Home.

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Thursday, December 6. 1705.

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**T**HE last Papers have rather too much, *the Substance of it Consider'd*, taken up the Reader's time in tracing the several malicious Insinuations of a late Pamphlet, Entitled, *A Speech*.

I confess there is nothing yet observ'd to the Matter relating to the *Dutch*, and I purpos'd wholly to have omitted that part of it—But, as the Review is now hastening to the Subject of *Trade*, in which I shall have frequent opportunity to expose the continued Cavils we raise at our Neighbours the *Dutch*, only because they understand their own Interest better, and are guilty of more Application than our selves; I shall in the pursuit of that Subject have occasion to Examine, whether really the *Dutch* are Injurious to us in Trade or no, and make no doubt to prove the very contrary to it; and that on the other hand, I shall fairly shew, That, next to the *Spaniards*, if restor'd

to us in the State of Trade formerly settled, the *Dutch* are to us the most beneficial Nation in Trade in the World; with Whom we Trade to more real Advantage in the General Ballance, who aid us most in the Consumption of our Manufactures, and the Growth of our Country.

When I enter into the Particulars of this, the most Ridiculous as well as Malicious Endeavours of the Enemies of these Nations will appear, who not only strive to create Misunderstandings and Jealousies between this Nation and the best Branch of the Present Confederacy, but against the best Branch of our Trade.

In the mean time I cannot but think it very proper, this Paper should follow the Steps of the Publick, in its Observations, in as much as possible; and therefore I cannot but give the World a Hint, of the extraordinary Prospect our Affairs now give,

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especially at home, as well to excite us to Publick Thankfulness, as to encourage us to a vigorous Prosecution of those happy Measures, which in the hand of Providence seem to act in Conjunction for the Publick Felicity.

Among all the Blessings from Heaven this Nation has to be thankful for, I know none can equal the Happy Union between the Constituting Parts of our Government. Never had her Majesty greater Reason for a Procession of Joy to the City-Cathedral, and all the Nation to Celebrate a Publick Thanksgiving.

The Harmony of the Parts cannot but contribute very much to the Felicity of the Whole; and as this Harmony happens, it is more particularly adapted both in Circumstance, and in Time, to the Publick Advantage——And that, 1<sup>st</sup>. As 'tis a Harmony founded upon the Basis of Prudence, Wisdom, and Justice. There may be Union and Conjunction in Mischiefs and Evil Councils, and they are proportionably fatal when they are so; but I cannot call this Harmony, but rather a Conspiracy in a Nation against it self; and of this I could give some unhappy Instances in this Nation: But a Harmony of Councils for the Publick Good, an exact Conjunction between Queen, Lords and Commons, for the carrying on the Safety, Welfare and Happiness of the Nation, for the ready executing Matters both of *Peace, War* and *Trade*; when all agree in Love and Charity at home, Vigour and Force abroad; and every Attempt against this, is crush'd by Unanimous Council and Application; What can happen amiss to such a People? What have we to fear with respect to our Selves? It adds a singular Vigour to our Preparations, a certain Terror to our Arms, and promises Success in a manner different to every thing that ever went before it.

2. This Harmony is more particularly adapted to the Publick Advantage, as it was unexpected to our Enemies; the contrary so much endeavour'd; and so much depended upon by them.

If I was to run the Length of some Peo-

ples hopes, from the Harvest they expected of the Tares they had sowed among our Wheat, there wou'd be too much Satyr in it for this Paper. What a Set of Men did they expect to get into the House of Commons; even their *Memorial* had Front enough to threaten us with it; *Indeed what had not such a Libeller Front enough to say and do?* when that sort of Memorial failed, we have since had another, and all join in the Attempt to break our Union; one our Union at home, the other our Union abroad; one to create Jealousies among our People, the other among our Confederates; one villifies our Ministers of State, the other calumniates our Allies; the one blackens our Management at home, the other our Management abroad.

How have all these Philistine Idols paid Homage before the Ark of *Israel*, and knock'd their Heads and Hands in falling down before him!

How has one United Parliament, Blest Miracle! How has it scattred all these black Mists, as Night flies from the Rising Sun

I could Panegyrick here upon this Life from the Dead to the *English* Nation, but shall Celebrate Peace another way very speedily; and, like *Deborah*, sing a New Song to the Victory this Heavenly Guest has obtain'd over all the High Church *Hydra*, all Feuds, Discontent and Darkness that coverd this Nation, with a Prospect as terrible as our Enemies could wish.

Men must be doubly blind, both in Opticks and Understanding, that cannot see the wondrous Turn of our Affairs. How has our *Memorial* sunk like a Millstone into the Sea, in the General Earthquake of High-Church Politicks, and by its own Weight falling down, has carried with it all the Fabrick of Party hopes, which wicked Men had built upon the meer Phantasm of the Danger of the Church, in hopes under that specious Pretence to wheedle in the Nation to a General Feud, and set them together by the Ears about nothing?

At one Word with the Breath of her Mouth her Majesty blasted the whole Design,



Design: the Royal Voice, *Pardon the Similitude*, like that of Our Lord to the Fig Tree, struck it with Barrenness, and it wither'd away.

Even the Church it self Declares she is in no Danger, but from them that have thus pretended her Danger, to be their real Concern; the Queen spoke it, the Church like an Echo to the Throne, has Repeated it; the Bishops, the Lords, the Commons; the whole Nation join in the Declaration of this Great Truth; the Church of *England* is entirely Safe, in the Conjoint Unanimous Care of Queen, Lords and Commons; that Safety is doubled by their joint Concurrence, and Mutual Agreement, in every thing relating to the Publick Affairs; and thus Establish'd, the Church has no Enemies that can, or would hurt it, but what are Foreign, *French* and Popish, or in their Interest.

Thus fell *Memorial the first*.

When we come to enquire into Publick Management Abroad, into Miscarriages; we find the Objections Trivial, but form'd in Wicked Designs, and pointed at the Root of Government; we find the attempt of Dividing us the same, but the Object chang'd and turn'd from Home to Foreign Divisions; the Miscarriages of the War, heightned the *Dutch* and *Imperialists*, Loaded, as if they Betray'd us and Abandon'd us, and the whole weight of the War lay wholly upon us; Unkind and Unjust Clamours and Reproaches rais'd upon our Neighbours, because their Opinions and ours did not exactly jump in every thing, and these things improv'd with a Melancholy Eloquence, as well as Manner, to sow the Nation, render our Allies suspected; to give Jealousie, to our Allies, and as if we thought our selves ill Treated by them, of which more hereafter.

How is all this Infectious Blast Dissipated by the Healing Draught, the reviving Cordial of Parliamentary Union! in one Unparalell'd Address, all these Clamours are struck Dumb, and our Party-Monsters Quell'd at once; The *Embryo*, like a half made Birth, brought forth with a great

deal of Uncasiness and Pain, just liv'd to Groak a little in the World and Dy'd; it Expir'd even in the Birth, in the Hands of its Midwife.

Lords and Commons United, Explode the very Thoughts; and the *Dutch* have this Honour done them, that the whole Body of this Nation, that never since the Presenting the Crown to King *William* and Queen *Mary*, Appear'd together thus, thought it worth while to make a New Appearance, to Testifie how much they Esteem their Friendship in this Confederacy, and how resolv'd they are to Maintain it; how well worth while they count it, to Cultivate and Improve it, and how willing they are to have all the World see, that no Party of Men among us, shall ever prevail upon our Interest, as to lessen the Esteem, this whole Nation has for their Alliance.

And thus fell *Memorial the second*.

Its Monument is Erected, in the Unanimous Address of both Houses of Parliament; and however some People exceedingly Envy the *Dutch*, because at the same time, they Envy the Prosperity of the Nation; but an Honour all Wise Men Concur in, and which cannot be better handed down to Posterity, than in the Words of the Address it self.

*We most humbly Beseech Your Majesty, to Use all possible Endeavours to Preserve a good Correspondence amongst all the Confederates; and in a most particular manner, to Maintain and Cultivate a strict Friendship with the States General of the United Provinces.*

Will any Man now say, these are Allies to be Jealous of, and that 'tis for the Nations Interest to take care of them? that they are jealous of our Power, and we ought to be jealous of our Trade? let it all be resolv'd into Party-Malice, and with them let it Dye.

Our Prosperity Abroad, without doubt, depends upon an entire Confidence in our Allies Abroad, as our Prosperity at Home does upon Mutual Kindness, Charity, and  
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Moderation at Home; and 'tis very Remarkable, that the same People that have Amus'd us with the Danger of the Church, Amuse us now with the Danger of the *Dutch*; and the same People and Party, and at the same time, that they Attempt to possess us with Jealousies of the *Dutch* here, Attempted to suggest there, that the *Dutch* were going to make a separate Peace with *France*, and so if possible, have render'd them suspected to all the Allies; an Old Threadbare Project, and only reviv'd in the exceeding barrenness of their Cause, when like Drowning Men, they lay hold of every weak and ridiculous Twig to relieve them.

This is as odd and Preposterous, as a late Argument of bringing over the Princess *Sophia*, to acquaint her Highness with our Prelates; without doubt the Authors of that wondrous Argument, Laugh'd at it in their Sleeves; but what double Laughter must it make, when they come to Answer another Question among themselves, viz. Who Propos'd it?

Of all the Tools that a Workman takes in hand, he must be a Bungler, that does not know a Saw from a Chisel; this Tool Cut with so rough an edge, that it must needs set their Teeth an edge that heard it; the Grating was so harsh, and it Cut so upon that Nail, it could never be heard with Patience.

In short, it was like the rest of their Cause, Incongruous and Inconsistent, and this Happy Address of the Lords and Commons, has effectually Crush'd it all, and silenc'd the whole Party.

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